How I met my Daddy: Insatiable Heat

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How I met my Daddy: Insatiable Heat

by purplesocrates

Summary

Hannibal returns late that evening he is tired and frustrated. He has been working long days and is not getting to spend as much time on other things he enjoys. His thoughts of course have been distracted by Will, images of long lithe legs, blue eyes and perfect expanses of skin. At inopportune moments Hannibal is struck by the memory of fucking Will in his kitchen, whenever he is driving his eyes slide to the rear view mirror and a moan leaves his lips as he remembers all the things that back seat has seen.

The scent of Will is still strong in his car but it lingers all around him wherever he is, driving him mad. He knows he should have called his sweet Omegan whore but Hannibal also likes the idea of Will becoming just as frustrated as he is.

Notes

Thank you for all your support on this fic. A quick disclaimer to say that I do not associate with any other version of this series. As far as I am concerned this and part 1 and the upcoming part 3 are all a stand alone universe. These are all my words no one else's. The original co-creator of Part 1 removed their name under their own volition, the subsequent parts have all been re-written by me.

This is the second part to How I met my Daddy it doesn't overly matter if you haven't read the first part. You will soon get the gist of it!

Thank you for all your support on the first part I hope this lives up to the it's predecessor!

Xxxx

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Will lays in bed and cuddles himself against the once fine but now crumpled fabric of Hannibal's shirt, it's scent almost completely replaced by his own. He longs to smell that musky, expensive Alpha redolence once more. While he can conjure it up in his memory it's not the same as the real thing. So many nights Will has slept in Hannibal's shirt, worn it when he was cleaning his apartment and best of all, when he has a few moments to relax and unwind he breathes in what remains of that scent while he touches himself and thinks of Hannibal.

Hannibal however is yet to call him back. It's been five days already and Will is now starting to grow concerned that he has not heard from the Alpha. His mind betrays him, torturing him with images of someone else being in Will's place while he relives the last time they were together. The awkwardness when Will asked to be kissed. Could he have overstayed his welcome? Or been too forward? Maybe Hannibal is the typical Alpha and enjoys Omega's waiting for his word. Maybe he just forgot Will.

As Will thinks on it, he worries, biting his lip and turning in his bed to hide his face in his pillow as tears form. The chances of him having the Alpha, of dating him are next to none, it is amazing that Hannibal even looked at him. All their interaction has been hidden from others, always in Hannibal's own home where other eyes cannot see them. Maybe Hannibal does not want people to see them together? Have tongues wagging about the tramp that Hannibal has fallen for, or perhaps they would say Will is only a gold digger.

He falls into fitful dreams of being out of Hannibal's reach and wakes to that dull familiar ache and hollowness inside of him. Any wonder he had been thinking of Hannibal the night before so vividly, his body wanted him here to help him through his heat, but alas, again, he is alone.

As he rolls out of bed to begin the day, the shirt is deliberately let go, a painful reminder of what he cannot hope to have. There is no possibility that Hannibal would want to see him when he is in heat. So needy for an Alpha and aching to bond with one. Will tries to distract himself and makes breakfast, knowing he will need a full belly to get through the next few days.

When the protein scramble is finished, the bowl placed in the sink, he moans realising his body is burning through this heat faster than before. He already feels desperate, slick running down his thighs now as he stumbles into the bathroom for a shower. The face that looks back at him in the mirror looks even more undone than he feels, hands tremble as he takes the razor and shaves the scruff he had been growing.

He looks even younger now, his neck more visible and alluring as he turns to admire himself. Hannibal would not be able to look away. Fuck, he mutters to himself, everything seems to revolve around the Alpha now. Will can't stop thinking about him yet Hannibal has seemingly just cut Will from his life like he meant nothing. For Will, Hannibal means so

much, he is the first Alpha lover he has ever had. He feels stupid thinking they had something special, it seems those feelings were not returned in the slightest.

He gives a huff decides against showering, instead, he is overcome by a need to take action. Storming back into his room he grabs his clothes and pulls them on. There is no lace or silk this time, no fine fabrics soft and sensual against his skin, his own clothes being rough and cheap he tries not to dwell on the stark difference. Grabbing the last of his cash, he runs down the stairs and goes out to the street, walking towards Hannibal's until he is able to hail a cab and is driven the rest of the way. The driver keeps looking at him in the rear view mirror the whole way. He tries not to conjure Hannibal's eyes in their place and suddenly it's like he can smell the leather of the Bentley and feel it on his skin. Stifling a moan Will asks him to stop a few hundred meters from Hannibal's home. He pays handsomely, watching the man drive away until he knows he is alone. Will then proceeds towards Hannibal's. Coming through the backyard, he sees the Bentley gone, the Alpha must be out.

He wastes no time breaking in, picking the lock on the backdoor and slipping in he heads straight upstairs. It doesn't take long for him to find the master bedroom, to slip between the sheets and soak up that scent he has been missing so much. The smell of Hannibal is everywhere it surrounds him, he can feel it on his skin, he can feel his whole body relax and then shiver with arousal shortly afterwards. He wants to be naked, he wants his skin to have no barrier between it and the scent of the Alpha who he longs to be his, who in so many ways he already thinks of as his.

Will closes his eyes and breathes in deeply. His head in Hannibal's pillow he allows some of the sweat from his hair to fall onto the silk, he moans as he imagines Hannibal lying down and smelling him before he goes to sleep. A hand goes under the pillow and that's when he finds them, the red panties he had worn for Hannibal, the ones he had given back after the show in the car. Will groans happy at the thought that he might haunt Hannibal's dreams too. He inhales the now combined scent of himself and Hannibal on the panties. Will can feel slick forming dripping through his underwear and jeans, his cock is painfully hard. He shoves his hand and the panties down the front of his trousers and grasps his cock he begins to masturbate himself, back arching, head pressed into the pillow, hips jerking. Will imagines Hannibal fucking him here in his bed on these silk sheets, surrounding him, owning him. It is not long until he comes all over the panties once more marking them with his scent.

Will makes sure he leaves the cum stained panties in the middle of Hannibal's bed. He then gets out of the bed, does up his jeans and re-makes the bed as immaculately as he can. Looking around he finds the en-suite bathroom where the laundry hamper is neatly placed in the corner. He smiles as he opens it and removes a worn shirt. He lifts it to his nose and breathes in the scent feeling more slick form and his cock uselessly twitch.

Eventually Will manages to regain his composure, taking the shirt with him, he leaves Hannibal's house to go back to his own empty bed.

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have been distracted by Will, images of long lithe legs, blue eyes and perfect expanses of skin. At inopportune moments Hannibal is struck by the memory of fucking Will in his kitchen, whenever he is driving his eyes slide to the rear view mirror and a moan leaves his lips as he remembers all the things that back seat has seen.

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Hannibal doesn't immediately notice anything is amiss - a testament to how many hours he has been working. It is only when he finally manages to make his way to his bed finally turning back the sheets the smell hits him in full. Will. Then he sees the stained panties now in the middle of the bed. He closes his eyes breathes in deep and hums in arousal. You wicked, naughty boy, oh you shall be punished. When he climbs in, pressing the ruined panties to his nose he smells the fever of Will's heat. He moans again at the thought of his sweet slut going into heat all alone and frustrated, playing with toys and reaching no satisfaction. Maybe crying out Hannibal's name or Daddy in plea's to be released from his desperate torment.

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The next day Hannibal drives to Will's apartment, he finds his way in easily, locks are clearly something neither of them worry about. He can smell Will as he picks the door to Will's apartment he can hear breathy little whimpers from inside. Hannibal is very quiet as he opens the door and gently closes it behind him. The scent of Will's heat is so strong that Hannibal has to compose himself before venturing further in. He can hear soft moans and gasps coming from the bedroom.

The deliciously obscene sight Hannibal is greeted with as he enters Will's bedroom threatens to overcome him right there and then. Will is writhing in the middle of the bed, covers long since discarded, he has a toy of some kind inside him and is rutting up against the mattress led on his stomach as his hands attempt to push the toy inside to find relief. His back is covered in a sheen of sweat, his ass is a perfect rounded curve. Hannibal then notices the shirt into which Will is rutting, one of his, not one Hannibal gave him.

Hannibal smiles and licks his lips. "My darling whore what do you look like? Have you missed your Daddy?"

Will's whole body shudders and twitches at the sound of Hannibal's voice, his mind still not entirely aware that Hannibal is there but his body has now fully realised that there is an Alpha in the room. Will's ass is soon high in the air presented as an offering and Hannibal cannot help but moan at the sight of it.

Hannibal slowly removes his own clothing while Will is still whimpering and pleading. He nears the bed now completely nude and very aroused Will's moans get more desperate. Hannibal very gently strokes a hand down Will's back to soothe him. "Daddy is here now my

boy I want you to breathe and relax." Will whimpers again Hannibal gently positions himself so he is kneeling behind Will, he runs his hand down Will's back in long gentle strokes. "Shhh Daddy is here now. You don't need these toys anymore." Hannibal gently removes the dildo from Will's ass, his hands skirting the round perfection of Will's buttocks as he does so.

Will lets out a whine at the toys loss, which Hannibal shushes away with more gentle stroking. Hannibal strokes Will's back for a long time until the boy settles enough for them both to lie down and let Hannibal position Will beside him on the bed so that Will's back is pressed up against Hannibal's chest. Hannibal then runs his hands up and down Will's chest, fingers circle nipples which are so responsive Will keens from pleasure as Hannibal touches them. Pressing his lips against Will's neck he whispers "Daddy is here now."

Will rouses somewhat as his brain starts to come back to itself and the scent of Hannibal surrounds him. He can feel the touches, the wonderful soothing touches. Will starts to think maybe he is hallucinating. "Daddy?" He keens as Hannibal continues to kiss his neck and gently stroke his chest.

"Yes dear one. I'm here."

Will moans as his brain catches up to the sensation of Hannibal pressed so close behind him and those hands slowly running up and down his chest. He can feel his heat rising up inside and slick now leaving his hole at a quickened rate. "Please Daddy, please." Will needs Hannibal to fuck him, knot him and claim him. It is the only thought currently occupying his heat addled brain. "Please Daddy, I need you."

Hannibal wraps his arms around Will and cradles him, gentling him "I need you to come back to me first my boy. I am going to take my time pleasuring you. I am going to enjoy you and tease you, make you wait. You are a needy little slut who breaks into people's houses and steals their clothes and makes messes in their beds."

"I needed you." Will whines.

"You have me now. Daddy is going to take good care of you." Hannibal's hand moves down to Will's leaking, hard cock and gently grasps the length of it, a slow smooth up and down caress. Will is bucking up and rubbing his ass against Hannibal's now painfully hard cock. Hannibal gently moves his hand lower cupping the Omega's balls and squeezing them. Will keens so loudly Hannibal is sure the entire apartment building can hear him.

"Such a loud whore for Daddy." Hannibal slips his hand down to Will's gaping and needing hole, the slick is warm and flowing as he easily inserts two fingers inside. "Scream for me boy, Daddy loves to hear you scream."

Will does, he screams and writhes with frustration heat delirium threatening to take him anew. "Daaaaadddyyy please oh please."

Hannibal smiles and kisses Will gently on the shoulder as he fucks him more with his fingers enjoying the rising desperation in his little Omegan whore. Hannibal's other arm holds Will against his chest while he makes soothing noises into Will's ear, he adds another finger and

slows his pace down until Will is just shivering with need and not shaking. “Good, be calm for Daddy he knows what you need.”

Will is whimpering again, his eyes are closed, his skin is covered in a sheen of sweat he is hot against Hannibal’s body. Hannibal is now still very hard and Will can feel his erection against his ass as he rubs up against it desperate to be filled. Hannibal shifts so that the arm which was holding Will against him is lower so he can reach Will’s own achingly hard cock. At the same pace which he fucks Will with his fingers he strokes Will’s cock. “Come for me, my sweet whore, come for Daddy.” Will keens at the contact and it doesn’t take more than a few strokes before Will’s orgasm wracks his body, his hole clamping down on Hannibal’s fingers as he continues to fuck Will through his orgasm.

Eventually Will calms and drifts off into a fitful sleep, Hannibal holds his boy close to him and soothes him until the whimpering stops.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Will swallows, anticipation stuck in his throat, feeling his own body responding being so close to Hannibal now. Surely Hannibal can smell his slick? His lust for him? “Daddy, please. I want to be your good whore.”

Hannibal looks at Will eyes wide with lust, skin flushed from his heat, a slight sheen forming on his forehead and smiles. Gently and almost reverently Hannibal runs his hand through Will’s hair who groans at the tender touch and leans into the warmth of Hannibal. “I am going to make you beg for me.” Will closes his eyes and moans, he can feel himself losing all thought and all sense of himself under Hannibal’s words and touch, it’s intoxicating. He wants to belong to Hannibal, he wants to be touched and caressed and used by Hannibal, he has never felt like this before it scares and excites him. Trusting Hannibal to break him but then put him back together again, he longs for it.

“Please.” Will says as he opens his eyes to meet Hannibal’s hungry gaze. “Please.” He repeats in a desperate whisper.

Chapter Notes

Featuring WONDERFUL art by Le-wendigogo

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Now to the smut!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will wakes in his bed alone. He can still smell Hannibal, a moan escapes his lips. He hopes it wasn't a dream. Did he just imagine those hands on him? Inside him? God he hopes not. He slowly opens his eyes as Hannibal appears from the bathroom. Will smiles at the sight of his Alpha, naked and resplendent in the doorway.

“You are awake.” Hannibal says moving towards the bed, he gently places a hand on Will’s forehead, still hot but not deliriously so. “Your heat has calmed for now. I drew you a bath. Daddy wants to clean you up before he takes you home, you will be more comfortable at his house.”

Will’s eyes widen “in your bed.”

Hannibal smiles “yes, in my bed.”

Will moans and closes his eyes he can feel his heat coiling once again pulling at him. Hannibal gently kisses Will’s forehead and then scoops him up in his arms. Will nuzzles into his chest as Hannibal carries him to the bathroom where he gently places Will in the bath. The water is not too hot and not too cold it’s perfect and it soothes Will bringing him back to himself.

“You came.” Will says as he manages to open his eyes and look at his Alpha who is gently washing him with a washcloth.

“Of course. How could I resist such an invitation? However you shouldn’t have broken in.”

“I know. I’m sorry. I missed you I thought maybe you…” Will’s voice trails off and he looks down at the water.

Hannibal stops washing him for a moment and moves his hand to gently cup Will’s chin turning his face up to meet his eyes. “Daddy is sorry he got busy. I would never forget you. You are impossible to forget.”

“Really?” Deep down inside Will cannot believe that Hannibal would ever want him, he looks at Hannibal’s eyes now filled with that admiration and Will feels so adored it makes him swoon.

“Of course. You will spend your heat with me. I will take care of you.” Hannibal replies as though it is not up for discussion and that he expects no less. It makes Will feel cherished and he cannot help but smile openly at the Alpha.

The washcloth Hannibal uses is soft and the bath water warm. Will feels his body relax as Hannibal washes each one of his limbs, all his fear and insecurity ebb away.

As the cloth goes down between his legs Will feels a blush rise in his face. He looks into Hannibal’s eyes and is met with that fierce presence of admiration again as Hannibal washes him, ever so gently in handling his soft cock and then cleaning between his ass cheeks. Fingers touching so tenderly, teasingly, Will shudders and lets out a little whine, feeling slick start to gather again, quickly washed away by the water and cloth.

When he is finished, Hannibal pulls the plug out and holds a towel open for Will. Standing in the tub, Will steps out and lets Hannibal wrap him in the soft fabric of the towel, tilting his head back to look at the Alpha again.

“Thank you, Daddy.” Will says, feeling Hannibal’s hands through the fabric of the towel rubbing his body, drying him. He hears the rumble of pride from Hannibal, he feels his own body shiver at knowing he has pleased his Alpha.

“There is clothing on the bed, something I would like for you to wear and cover until you are back in my bed, again.” Teeth are flashed in a smile as Hannibal licks his lips, eager to have Will, a withering mess under him again in his own bed so he can toy with the naughty Omega.

Nodding Will watches Hannibal leave to go and get dressed and then wait in the car for him. After finishing the rest of his ablutions Will makes his way into the bedroom and sees the clothing left on the bed. The sight of it makes his body quiver, butterflies swarming in his belly as he picks up the black lace g string, the garter belt, the fish net stockings and the beautiful see-through lace corset to match. The fabric all so soft and delicate it’s allure adding to Will’s burgeoning arousal. There are shoes too, tall skyscraper heels of black shiny patent leather.

Carefully, he puts the lingerie on and makes sure to grab a coat to cover himself as much as possible. Slipping the high heels on, he feels so sexy and sensual. He wants to touch himself then and there, but he stops himself, scooting out of the apartment after locking it and hurrying to the Bentley where Hannibal is waiting. Slipping into the backseat Hannibal starts the car.

As the rear view mirror is adjusted, Will let’s a hand run down his legs while he gives Hannibal a lustful look. He is so ready for this.

When he brings his hand back up, coming to the top button of the coat to undo it, Hannibal breaks his silence. “Wait… I will to be the one to tell you when you can undress you are my whore.”

Squirming, Will tries to hide how turned on he is becoming being surrounded by Hannibal's scent and those words. Desire unfurling inside of him, his cock leaking, slick starting to coat his thighs having no protection from the small g string.

As the steady hum of the Bentley’s engine reverberates through the car, Will feels his body growing hot with desire, perspiring until at long last they come to a stop at Hannibal’s home. He licks his lips as Hannibal cuts the engine, maroon eyes catching a glimpse of him in the rear view mirror. The sight must have been something for Hannibal who bites his bottom lip for a moment before coming to open the door and take his hand.

Being led from the car, Will follows Hannibal through his home, ascending the stairs before he comes back into the bedroom. It’s when Hannibal lets go of him Will pauses, staying silent as Hannibal takes off his suit jacket and hangs it up leaving Will standing still with his coat on shaking slightly with anticipation.

“You’ve been terribly naughty, Will.” Hannibal speaks gently, calculating what he will do about that.

“What is Daddy going to do?” Will is attempting to keep his voice steady but it’s quivering with arousal as he watches Hannibal’s eyes darken with desire.

Hannibal smiles as he walks around Will. “Undo the buttons. Slowly.” Hannibal commands and Will takes in a deep steadying breath as his shaky fingers reach up to the buttons undoing them slowly and carefully. Once he has reached the final one the coat hangs open revealing a slither of what lies beneath. Hannibal stands in front of Will close but not touching him. “Remove it.” Will shrugs the coat off and it flutters to the floor as he meets Hannibal’s gaze, eyes roam up and down his body. “Good.” Hannibal says and Will can’t help but smile.

Will swallows, anticipation stuck in his throat, feeling his own body responding being so close to Hannibal now. Surely Hannibal can smell his slick? His lust for him? “Daddy, please. I want to be your good whore.”

Hannibal looks at Will eyes wide with lust, skin flushed from his heat, a slight sheen forming on his forehead and smiles. Gently and almost reverently Hannibal runs his hand through Will’s hair who groans at the tender touch and leans into the warmth of Hannibal. “I am going to make you beg for me.” Will closes his eyes and moans, he can feel himself losing all thought and all sense of himself under Hannibal’s words and touch, it’s intoxicating. He wants to belong to Hannibal, he wants to be touched and caressed and used by Hannibal, he has never felt like this before it scares and excites him. Trusting Hannibal to break him but then put him back together again, he longs for it.

“Please.” Will says as he opens his eyes to meet Hannibal’s hungry gaze. “Please.” He repeats in a desperate whisper.

“Take a step back.” The sound of the heels click against the floor as Will moves as requested. Hannibal’s eyes never leave him. “Don’t move unless I tell you to.” Will shivers once more from anticipation as Hannibal walks around him slowly admiring the Omega all dressed up for him. The sight of Will in this lingerie is so beautiful that Hannibal needs to take it all in.

Will is shaking slightly now under the gaze of his Alpha, feeling the sweep of those deep, brown eyes. An appreciative hum leaves Hannibal’s mouth breaking the silence and causing Will to feel slick start to form. Hannibal then stands very close behind Will and breathes in that scent. “You smell delicious. Almost good enough to eat.” Hannibal whispers this hotly into Will’s ear and at the sound of it Will arches his head back and moans.

“Daddy enjoys looking at you. Do you like it when I look at you?” Another whisper of hot breath on the shell of his ear. Hannibal is so close but still not touching him.

“Yes.” Will breathes out in one long urgent response. “Yes Daddy.”

Will still has his eyes closed in ecstasy his head lolling back revealing that long swan like neck which just begs to be bitten. *Not yet,* Hannibal thinks, *not yet.*

“Hmmmm such a pretty whore. Are you wet for Daddy?” Hannibal can smell he is and can feel the heat from Will’s skin radiating from him in waves.

Will hums and nods, biting his lip as he feels Hannibal’s clothes gently brush up against the soft silk and lace. “Yes Daddy.”

“Show me.” Will opens his eyes at that and bites his lower lip again as Hannibal smiles which Will feels against his ear.

Will slowly runs his hand down his chest and over the lace corset the fabric is so soft and silky his hand easily runs down. His cock is starting to fill again, straining against the front of the flimsy g string he strokes his hand over it and shivers. Then he places a finger under the waistband of the lace, slowly sliding his hand underneath he delves further down and pushes a finger into the pool of slick that has started to form covering it in the hot wetness. Removing his now very wet finger with the rest of his hand he brings the finger up to Hannibal’s mouth behind him.

“Does Daddy want to taste?” Will’s voice has a slight shimmer to it which goes straight to Hannibal’s cock causing it to fill and flinch which Will can feel through Hannibal’s trousers against his bare ass.

“Mmmmm. Yes Daddy does. Let me taste just how much of a whore you are for your Daddy.” Hannibal moves his head so it is over Will’s shoulder and covers the sodden finger with his mouth he sucks and swirls his tongue around it causing Will to whimper and his legs feel shaky. Hannibal removes his mouth as he takes a step back once more. “Yes you really are a needy little thing aren’t you. Your body is so ready for my knot isn’t it?”

Will whines then as he lowers his hand once more feeling the lace of the corset. “Look at that eager little cock of yours it’s straining to get out isn’t it?” Hannibal says as he once more

walks around Will and stops just in front of him.

“Yes Daddy. So hard just for you.”

“Are you sure it’s for me? You are such a tease though aren’t you. I remember when I first saw you flaunting yourself for money, purposefully wetting that flimsy t shirt of yours, those very short shorts. You looked all the world like a whore.” Hannibal watches as Will’s pupils dilate at the sound of the word ‘whore’ and smiles. “You liked it.”

“It was just for you. The others never made me feel like you did. None of them were ever my Daddy. Not until you.”

Hannibal licks his lips at that and the memory of Will in his damp shirt how it clung to him in all the right ways how he had wanted to remove it revealing that lithe body beneath. “Just for me? You wanted to be my whore and no one else’s?”

“Yes Daddy.” Will breathes out in excited arousal at those words, he is Hannibal’s and no one else’s.

“Shall I tell you what I wanted to do that day?”

“Yes, please Daddy.”

Hannibal takes a step closer so Will can feel his breath and look into his eyes “touch yourself while I tell you, reach under those straining panties and take your cock in your hand.”

“Yes Daddy.” Will does not know how he is still standing as right now he feels like he might just melt straight down into the floor. He takes a deep breath and slips his hand under the silk and lace grasping his cock.

“Good boy.” Hannibal says and Will moans loudly. “Such a sweet whore for his Daddy. Stroke yourself while I tell you about all the things I wanted to do to you that day while you strutted and flaunted yourself in front of me like a slut.”

“Yes, Daddy, oh god yes.” Will’s eyes have rolled back in his head as he starts to stroke himself.

“You look a picture of a slut right now my love. Your hand on your cock, dressed up for me, flaunting yourself for Daddy, you would do anything for me wouldn’t you?” Hannibal’s voice is so close in Will’s ear it feels almost like he is enveloping Will in his thoughts. All Will can do is moan.

“Yes Daddy, anything.”

Hannibal smiles and huffs a small laugh “just like on that day with your wet clinging t shirt. I imagined ripping it off you, tearing it straight from your chest, your shorts too I would have torn them and left you wearing nothing. You would have been exposed just for me and then I would have bent you over the hood of my car and fucked you with my fingers until you were begging for my knot like the slut I knew you to be.”

Will is imagining all of this in vivid detail, the thought of Hannibal tearing his clothes off is the most arousing thing he has ever heard and he knows he is going to come any moment.

“You like that idea?” Hannibal hums, “of Daddy tearing your clothes off perhaps with his teeth.”

Will comes then he can feel the hot cum from his cock over his hand and dribbling down the panties, down his leg as he moans again reminded of being bent over in Hannibal’s kitchen with cum dribbling down his leg. Hannibal looks at his ruined whore of an Omega and it takes all his self control not to ravage him there and then. However he wants to take his time. This is a gift that needs to be savoured.

“Look at you. You are a beautifully ruined mess for your Daddy. You should suck those fingers clean.”

Will smiles and opens his eyes as he removes his hand from the underwear bringing it up to his mouth. Very slowly and seductively Will licks his own cum from his fingers while Hannibal watches with a burning eagerness.

Chapter End Notes

kudos are is the way Hannibal's breath hitches when that coat flutters to the ground, comments are the look in Will's eyes when he licks the cum off his fingers...the minx.

More next Monday xx

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Hannibal smiles then and takes a step back from to Will to take in this wonderful sight. Will is shaking and quivering, he has a sheen of heat sweat on his skin that glistens in the lowlight of the bedroom, his hair is slightly damp and his eyes are almost rolled back in his head.

“Look at you begging for me to hurt you. Such a beautiful sight. You make me want to do terrible things to you, wonderfully terrible things.” Hannibal imagines all the ways he could use this Omega, all the ways he could make him scream with pleasure and pain. He takes a deep breath and gathers himself. This must be done in stages he wants his prize to enjoy this. “Walk towards me slut.” Hannibal commands and Will moans, opens his eyes and complies slowly and unsteadily he takes a step closer. Hannibal leans in and gently kisses Will on the lips, smiling. “You taste so good. Now stand still arms behind your back, don’t move.”

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Hannibal watches as each one of those elegant fingers is licked clean. His own arousal barely contained he takes a deep breath and then smiles. “I still need to punish you.” His voice has gotten deeper and Will can feel it like a velvet caress against his skin.

“Have I not been a good whore for Daddy?”

Taking a step closer to Will, Hannibal leans in and says “my sweet slut you have been exquisite and Daddy is so pleased with you. But you did break in to Daddy’s space and make a mess in his bed.”

Will shivers again and hopes his legs keep him upright as he remembers the feeling of being here last time alone with just the scent of his Alpha, the feeling of those silk sheets and his barely restrained longing and need. “I did.”

“It’s almost as if you want me to punish you. Daddy does think you look very beautiful in pain, he would like to see it again.”

Will keens then as he imagines the heady mix of pleasure and pain that Hannibal can concoct for him. “Please Daddy, please punish me.”

Hannibal smiles then and takes a step back from to Will to take in this wonderful sight. Will is shaking and quivering, he has a sheen of heat sweat on his skin that glistens in the lowlight of the bedroom, his hair is slightly damp and his eyes are almost rolled back in his head.

“Look at you begging for me to hurt you. Such a beautiful sight. You make me want to do terrible things to you, wonderfully terrible things.” Hannibal imagines all the ways he could use this Omega, all the ways he could make him scream with pleasure and pain. He takes a deep breath and gathers himself. This must be done in stages he wants his prize to enjoy this. “Walk towards me slut.” Hannibal commands and Will moans, opens his eyes and complies slowly and unsteadily he takes a step closer. Hannibal leans in and gently kisses Will on the lips, smiling. “You taste so good. Now stand still arms behind your back, don’t move.”

Will wordlessly, almost in a trance now, complies. Hannibal undoes the top button of his shirt he pulls his tie free from his collar walking behind Will he secures his wrists together with the tie still warm from his neck. Standing back he admires his work, Hannibal licks his lips as Will moans.

“Be patient my love take your punishment and then you shall receive the sweetest reward.” Will groans again as he feels more slick combining with his cum make its way through his sodden underwear down his leg staining the stockings he is wearing. He must look a mess but he doesn’t care not when Hannibal is looking at him like that, all dark eyes and lust he can feel his cock filling again. He watches as Hannibal retrieves something from the corner of the room and then walks back to him. Will’s pupils dilate and he whimpers when he sees that Hannibal is holding a riding crop.

Hannibal smiles and runs the tag of leather at the end of the crop up the inside of Will’s thigh. The touch is so soft and gentle it’s pure torture. The crop is then run over the fabric of his g string his cock flinches. Then Hannibal moves the crop further up to each of Will’s nipples and brushes it against them. The first tap against the nub of his left nipple is a wonderful shock it’s not too hard but promises so much more. Hannibal then slaps the right nipple

harder and Will keens his neck arching back. Hannibal runs the crop down the length of the graceful column of muscle and skin.

The crop makes it way lower once again to Will's cock and a light tap is given and he flinches.

"So responsive. Such a sweet sweet whore for me. I would like to show you like this. Have you tied up and wanting for others to admire. Would you like that? All trussed up for people to admire but only for me to touch?"

Will shakes at the thought. He would do anything for his Daddy. "Yes, Yes Daddy."

"You are such a tease little one perhaps one day I will. Keep you as my pet, my perfect slut to show off and use anytime I want."

Will cannot seem to think coherently now and is just whimpering. Hannibal smiles as he holds the crop up to Will's mouth "hold on to this for me while we get rid of those sodden panties you wet needy little thing." Will moans and opens his mouth grasping onto the crop between his teeth as Hannibal lets go. Then he runs his hands down Will's chest to his panties placing his fingers under the band he easily tears them they fall off Will to the ground.

Will's cock is now fully hard and slick is pouring down his thighs. Hannibal takes the crop from Will's mouth once more and slaps his cock a gentle teasing tap at first, he then runs the leather tab up the length of his shaft and Will whimpers. Another slightly harder tap and Will lets out a high pitch whine that sounds beyond beautiful to Hannibal. "Such a responsive whore for Daddy." Hannibal's voice is deep and makes Will shake and he is not sure he can stand up for much longer.

Hannibal whips the crop again twice in quick succession against Will's cock and he cries out throws his head back, arching that neck his legs almost go from under him. "Yes, god yes Daddy please."

Hannibal smiles at the sound of his Omega taking his punishment so well as he runs the crop down Will's neck once more. Will is incoherent now, he is using all his concentration to stay upright, his mind and body burning with anticipation as to where that crop is going next. "My beautiful slut you look so stunning like this shaking with need for me."
Will takes a deep breath as he manages to lower his head and look Hannibal in the eye "I can take more Daddy, please, punish me."

Hannibal hums in approval how he loves it when Will begs to be punished it really is the

most exquisite sight. He looks at Will then walks around him unashamedly taking all of him in he ends up stood behind him he undoes the tie the soft fabric dragging against Will's wrists. "Bend over put your hands on the bed, show me what you look like when you are quivering with need for me." The tie flutters to the floor creased and ruined with Will's heat sweat. The thought that he has ruined one of Hannibal's ties an impossible turn on for Will. Will whimpers as he feels more slick running down his now quite sodden stockings. Slowly and with his usual unconscious grace Will leans forward and places his hands on the soft bed, silk under his hands he groans as he feels a ghost of a touch from the crop round the curve of his cheeks which are now indeed quivering with need for Hannibal.

"Perfect." Hannibal breathes out his voice laced with desire and admiration. Will whimpers again at the sound of pleasing his Alpha, his Daddy, his mind is a blissful blank of hot white desire his cock flinches as Hannibal drags the crop between his cheeks.

"Daddy." Will closes his eyes and tries to hold it together as he feels every inch of that crop being dragged between his quivering buttocks. Hannibal then taps softly at first on each cheek in turn, then harder watching as red marks blossom on the pale skin like a lipstick kiss. Will is truly shaking now and making the most wonderful noises filled with need and pain. He feels every crack of the whip through his whole body now and it feels divine, his heat sweat is dripping down every inch of his skin, he can feel drops rivulet down his legs, arms and sees drops fall from his hair onto the silk sheets. He groans with pleasure at every strike then there is the softest caress, as Hannibal once more drags the crop between his cheeks he comes hard and loud whipping his head back in ecstasy and Hannibal watches in awe at the sight.

"Beautiful, beautiful my responsive whore, you really are so remarkable." Hannibal's voice is filled with wonder and it makes Will shake again. "Now for your reward my precious boy." Will whimpers again still in a haze from his orgasm, he feels so empty his heat is causing him to think of nothing but being filled, fucked and knotted, he needs it like he has never needed anything else. He also knows Hannibal is going to keep him waiting, he wants to take his time with Will savour every whimper, whine and groan, every touch, every orgasm he can coax from him. It is a glorious torture and Will hopes Hannibal is serious about keeping him as his, he wants nothing more than to be his pet, he hopes in the back of his mind that Hannibal will bond with him, bite him and consume him.

"Stand up again my love." Will straightens himself and stands up Hannibal is stood so close behind him he can almost feel his clothes against his skin. "Turn around." Will does as asked and he meets those brown eyes filled with so much desire it makes Will ache. Hannibal drops the crop and Will hears it clatter gently on the floor at their feet as Hannibal's hand comes up and brushes Will's cheek impossibly gently. "Do you like it when Daddy kisses you?" His voice is soft and gentle it feels like a velvet whisper.

"Yes." Will breathes out.

“Hmm, I think you like it when I tear your clothes from your body as well?” Will’s eyes roll back in his head at that and then he manages to nod. “I am going to tear this lace corset from you, then your stockings. I am going to rip them all from you until you are naked and trembling before me. Then I am going to kiss you, and Daddy knows how you like to be kissed.”

Will is shaking so much now that Hannibal has to brush his back with his hand and make gentle sshing noises to help calm the Omega before his legs buckle underneath him. “My beautiful Omega, you are mine, you are mine.” The words wash over Will and he can hardly believe he is hearing them they are all Will has ever wanted to hear.

“I’m yours, yours.” He is crying now hot tears stream down Will’s face he cannot control his reaction anymore, he is so overcome. Hannibal holds Will’s head between his hands and gently licks the tears from his face.

Hannibal can taste salt mixed with the sweat of his heat, need mixed with relief and its intoxicating. “Open your eyes beautiful.” Hannibal whispers and Will does he sees Hannibal’s awed smile and he feels so loved and wanted. “Stay still my whore.” Hannibal says softly and Will nods. Then Hannibal so slowly and impossibly gently tears the corset from Will, the lace fraying and damp from his sweat as Hannibal removes it from Will watching as it flutters, torn, to the ground. He then unclips the stockings and tears the garter belt in one swift movement it joins the lace tatters on the floor. “Step out of the shoes.” Hannibal asks and Will does. Will watches as Hannibal kneels in front of him and places his fingers under the top of the stocking on his right leg, he runs the pad of his finger under the lace feeling the soft warm skin. Will is looking down at Hannibal knelt in front of him, he feels worshipped and he groans with need.

Hannibal then moves his lips to skin just above the stocking and brushes them against it, then he takes the lace between his teeth and pulls. The rip sounds so loud in Will’s ears with Hannibal's breath ghosting against his skin and hands then tear the stocking from his leg, tattered they all to the ground. Hannibal repeats the same on Will’s left leg until he is completely naked and shaking. Hannibal then stands slowly and grasps Will’s head between his hands and brushes his lips against his, he licks the shape of Will’s mouth before pressing a soft tender kiss against those lips. The kiss is so soft and slow, Hannibal takes his time, finding Will’s tongue eager and electric against his they both moan at the feeling coiling in both of their stomachs. It is the most perfect kiss and Will feels like he is falling from a great height and he thinks perhaps Hannibal does too as he lifts him easily into his arms and carries him to the bed.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos is the way Will’s eyes widen when he sees the riding crop comments are the way Hannibal gently kisses Will for being such a good boy!

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Will’s eyes meet Hannibal’s as he moans out “Daddy.” His whole body is shaking with ravenous need, he needs to fucked, filled and knotted more than he has ever needed anything in his life. Knowing in the back of his Omegan mind that his Alpha likes it when he begs, he whines, groans and moans out plea’s of Hannibal, Daddy and please until his voice is nothing but a faint, hoarse whisper.

Hannibal begins to undress as he watches Will writhe and beg on the silk sheets, slick still dripping down his thighs, his cock is flinching attempting to get hard again at the very idea of what his Daddy is going to do to him next. Hannibal takes his time undressing placing his clothes on the back of a chair. By the time he is finally naked Will is almost lost again to delirium.

Chapter Notes

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

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clothes on the back of a chair. By the time he is finally naked Will is almost lost again to delirium.

"My beautiful whore look at you so needy and aching for your Alpha." Hannibal's voice pulls Will back and makes him focus as he manages to open his eyes and look at the naked Alpha standing at the foot of the bed, aroused and ready for Will, because of him. Will smiles and lets out a deep breath of approval.

Will moves so he is on all fours and crawls towards him "Daddy, please, please fuck me, please." He whines as he reaches the end of the bed he looks up at his Alpha curls damp with sweat.

Hannibal smiles and reaches out to stroke those wet curls with his fingertips "oh my needy slutty Omega I am going to fuck you, I am going to knot you and fill you." Will moans at those words. "Stay there for me." Hannibal says looking at this creature before him as he moves towards the front of the bed running his finger along the groove of Will's back, dragging his way through the sweat pooling there. He reaches the curve of Will's ass firmly smacks it with one hand and Will moans. Eventually Hannibal gets on the bed and sits with his back against the headboard.

"Come to me." Hannibal's voice is a pull to Will as he moves backwards, still on all fours, towards Hannibal he stops when he feels a hand on his ass gently caressing the curve. "Good boy." Will lets out a deep breath as he shivers with anticipation. Hannibal's fingers find Will's flinching hole and skirt around it gently pressing "so tight" he breathes.

"Daddy, please." Will pleads.

Hannibal smiles as he pushes one finger inside the warm heat of Will who groans and flips his head back in pleasure. The slender finger pushed in so slowly and gently curved up as if he is beckoning Will who is shaking with need now. Hannibal uses his other hand to touch himself to find a small amount of relief he needs to last. "Mmmm such a needy whore for Daddy, beg for me."

Will widens his legs ready for more "please, please Daddy I need more, please, pleeaassee" he whines as Hannibal pushes another finger inside scissoring them slightly as he hits that sweet spot causing Will to shout out in pleasure. "DADDY, PLEASE!"

“You look the picture of a whore right now on your hands and knees, you feel so tight for Daddy. Can you take another finger?” Hannibal leans forward and kisses the curve of Will’s ass cheek and Will whines out a yes. “Good boy.” Hannibal moves forward to be on his knees so he is closer to that glorious ass he adds another finger and more harshly this time pushes inside as Will keens.

Hannibal spends some time just fucking Will with his fingers watching as he becomes more delirious with need. Hannibal touching himself with his other hand gentle strokes. “Fuck me please Daddy, please Daddy.” Will begs and Hannibal leans his head back and moans in pleasure at the sound. He removes his fingers from Will and licks them clean with his mouth as Will whimpers at the loss. Hannibal then sits with his back against the headboard of the bed, leaning forward he grips Will’s hips with his hands and pulls him so he is sat in Hannibal’s lap. Will leans his head back arching his neck as Hannibal nuzzles into that pale expanse breathing in the scent. Hannibal lifts Will easily grasping onto his hips and gently lowers him on to his cock and Will keens in pleasure.

“You take Daddy’s cock so well my whore.” Hannibal’s voice is dripping with passion as the feeling of being inside Will invades him he groans as Will adjusts himself so he is on his knees and begins to move himself up and down on Hannibal’s cock. The sight and feel of Will right now is almost overwhelming for Hannibal as he moves one hand from Will’s hip to a nipple and pinches it tightly, the other hand still gripping onto Will’s hip. He then drags his nails down Will’s chest leaving red marks that he will want to lick later.

“Touch yourself whore.” Hannibal moans as he once more grips Will’s hips helping him move up and down so Will can concentrate on stroking his own cock. “You look so beautiful fucking yourself on your Daddy’s cock.”

“I need Daddy’s knot please, please Daddy I need it.” Will begs as he continues to stroke and fuck himself, head arched back.

“Daddy wants to give you his knot, first you need to come for me, show me how much you like fucking yourself on Daddy’s cock.”

Will comes hard and with a scream as the white hot liquid spills over his hand and stomach Hannibal pushes his knot inside. Will’s body resists momentarily as the stretch is large and

painful but once Hannibal is fully seated he feels full at last and whimpers with relief as Hannibal puts his arms around Will pulling him closer to him. Will's muscles clench around the knot and milk the first orgasm from Hannibal who moans out Will's name as he spills inside his boy.

Will leans back against Hannibal wrapped tightly in his arms, they both breath deeply, sweat drips down both of their bodies. Hannibal nuzzles at Will's neck again scenting him as he is milked over and over again.

"Will!" Hannibal gasps as his orgasm wracks his body, he watches as Will's eyes flutter in pleasure.

After the last orgasm Hannibal is almost unconscious as he watches Will slip away in delirium, he manages to move them both still connected to lie down on the bed and he falls asleep spooning his Omega and stroking his warm skin.

Will wakes to find Hannibal's arms tightly wrapped around him. The knot is still inside his body, it is lessened but still there filling him so perfectly. He opens his eyes angles his head so he can meet Hannibal's deep brown gaze, Hannibal is stroking Will's hair with one hand and resting his head in the other. Will can feel his heat is waning but still lingers at the edges of his mind but he does, for the moment, feel satiated and happy. He smiles unsurely at the Alpha who is looking at him with that look of absolute adoration that makes Will feel comforted and uncomfortable at the same time.

They don't speak at first just looking at each other until Hannibal smiles showing those fangs that Will wants to feel pierce his skin. Hannibal eventually breaks the silent revelry. "How do you feel? Are you comfortable?"

The blush that rises up on Will's skin is truly magnificent and causes Hannibal to smile wider.

"Yes, yes thank you I am fine." His voice is breathless, his mind is reeling from everything they have done, a flash of feeling the crop being dragged against his skin flits across his mind and he moans. The knot deflates and Will can move around to face Hannibal still tightly held in one arm.

"You are very beautiful Will, I hope you know that. I am sorry I did not call you that will never happen again." The Alphas voice is like a deep soothing balm to Will and he can feel the comforting warmth of it touch his skin like a delicate and tempting kiss.

“No one has ever called me beautiful before.” Will whispers he can’t quite find his voice yet, he is still in a cloud of arousal and disbelief.

Hannibal kisses Will softly and chastely on his swollen lips “you are, I want you to know you are.” Hannibal then begins to kiss the curve of Will’s neck so softly and reverently Will moans. He realises that he can run hands up and down his Daddy’s back feeling the smooth, warm skin under his fingertips. Will is once again lost in a haze of sensation that makes him shudder with delight.

They continue this slow exploration and Will is gentled by Hannibal’s kisses and strokes of his chest. They lie spooned together on the bed while Hannibal kisses the curve of Will’s shoulder and strokes the length of his body. Soon Will is hard again and whimpering with need. Hannibal’s hand lightly touches Will’s Omegan cock and then grasps it gently, the strokes are long, slow and languid and Will moans out ‘Daddy’ as he comes over Hannibal’s hand.

Will wakes to Hannibal’s hand gently cupping his balls, a light, teasing pressure, Hannibal is resting his head on his other hand so he can look down at Will curled up at his side. Will’s eyes flutter open at the of sensation meeting those deep brown pools he smiles as Hannibal rolls Will’s balls in his hand. “Daddy is going to clean you up a bit you dirty sweet whore.” Hannibal’s voice alone makes Will’s thickening cock twitch. “”Perhaps you need to come again though before, you are so responsive to Daddy when he touches you”

“Please, yes, please I like it when you touch me. Daddy, please, touch me.” Will’s voice is practically a whine now as that hand gently moves up the shaft of Will’s cock, the touch is so soft it is barely there. Hannibal gently kisses the curve of Will’s shoulder as he continues his teasingly gentle administrations until Will is begging and whining for more. With firm but gentle pressure Hannibal pushes Will on his back. “I think Daddy would like to taste his whore? Would you like that?”

Will groans and arches his back “yes, Daddy, oh please yes.” The thought of Hannibal’s beautiful mouth on his cock is too much for Will and he has to stop himself from coming at just the suggestion of it. Those soft, stunning lips, that wonderful tongue on his Omegan cock makes Will feel weak.

“Such a keen whore for Daddys mouth.” Hannibal hums as he starts to kiss his way down Will’s chest, soft licks and bites as he goes. He takes each nipple between his teeth and gently bites the nub which cause Will to scream in pleasure. Hannibal strokes his hands down Will’s sides, warm and firm until he gets to his hips and then he grasps them holding Will in place as he bucks up against Hannibal.

“Shhh whore let Daddy pleasure you.” Hannibal’s voice rumbles from between Will’s legs. Then Will is engulfed easily and completely into Hannibal’s mouth and he screams out in pleasure, his hands go down to run through the soft strands of Hannibal’s hair. Will thinks of how it felt to do this for Hannibal, it is almost as good as this wonderful hot warmth, the sucking cavern of Hannibal’s mouth is divine. Then he feels a swirl of the tongue against his shaft and the obscene sound of Hannibal spitting and then moving his mouth up and down, velvety soft lips easily sliding the length of Will’s shaft. He feels like he is being devoured and he can feel that he is going to have bruises from the pressure of Hannibal’s hands on his hips keeping Will trapped beneath him.

Hannibal cannot help but moan at how responsive Will is to his mouth as he realises that this is the first time anyone has ever done this for his little slut and how much he loves it. He can taste Will’s heat like a tang on his tongue a delicious burn. Hannibal wishes he could devour Will entirely wondering what he would taste like, that tender flesh so pure and soft would surely just melt on his tongue. His own cock is getting hard again at the thought of it and he wants Will to come down his throat so he squeezes Will’s hips even tighter and sucks on his cock so hard that Will screams and comes hard and fast down Hannibal’s throat. Hannibal hums his approval and once he has sucked and licked Will clean he makes his way to his mouth and devours him in a kiss.

Will is shaking and his eyes are once again closing with exhaustion he needs rest. Hannibal kisses down his chin and then lies beside him cradling Will in his arms.

“Sleep now, I will clean you and take care of you, when you wake we can play some more. My sweet, sweet boy” Hannibal whispers into Will’s ear who gently gasps before falling into a deep sleep with the word ‘Daddy’ on his lips.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos are the way Hannibal kisses Will's ass when he is on all fours in front of him, comments are the way Hannibal and Will spoon in post coital bliss!

Thank you as always for reading you are all so lovely. xxxx

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

I promised you white stockings!

...

Eventually though he cannot resist the lure of them. Slowly and carefully he perches himself on the edge of Hannibal's bed and begins to pull on one of the stockings, moaning at how soft they feel against his skin. Running his hand up the side of his leg to feel the silky smoothness of the delicate fabric he gasps. Excited he now carefully, hands slightly shaking, pulls on the other stocking. Will stands up, takes the shirt he has been given and makes his way to the mirror in Hannibal's dressing room. Looking at his reflection he gasps again, his legs look soft.

Chapter Notes

Thank you for all your support on this fic. A quick disclaimer to say that I do not associate with any other version of this series. As far as I am concerned this and part 1 and the upcoming part 3 are all a stand alone universe. These are all my words no one else's. The original co-creator of Part 1 removed their name under their own volition, the subsequent parts have all been re-written/written by me.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will wakes alone in Hannibal's bed. He feels safe and warm as he stretches his limbs realising that Hannibal has obviously cleaned him in his sleep, a vague memory of soft hands and warm water lingers on his skin. He smiles feeling the silk sheets slide against his skin, his heat is still there it has lessened but he can feel that empty feeling, that need for Hannibal's hands on him again. He groans at the thought of his Alpha, the words he spoke to Will echo in his head; *he belongs to Hannibal and no one else,* it makes him feel so warm and needed he never wants to leave.

Opening his eyes he looks across at the pillow next to him where there is a rose and an envelope with his name on it. He sits up, takes the rose bringing it to his nose he breathes in the smell, then he carefully opens the envelope. There is a drawing of Will in charcoal he gasps when he sees it he looks so beautiful curled up asleep and peaceful. The idea that

Hannibal sees him this way is so overwhelming it almost makes Will cry. He turns the paper over and written in Hannibal's immaculate script is a note.

My Beautiful Omegan Whore,
Once you wake please change into the clothes I have left for you and come downstairs to my study.
Your humble and awed Alpha.

Will cannot stop himself from grinning as he reads the words and remembers what Hannibal said to him before he fell asleep. Will hums in excitement at what game Hannibal has in store for him next. It is then he notices the box placed at the end of the bed with another red rose resting on it. He puts the drawing back on the pillow but keeps the rose in his hand as he gets out of the bed and makes his way to the box. He picks up the second rose and smells the sweet scent, closing his eyes he shivers in anticipation. Undoing the silk ribbon he opens the box, there is tissue paper which he removes and he sees the shirt first, clearly one of Hannibal's, the scent reaches his nose immediately and he can feel his skin getting warm again. He picks it up and holds the white fabric to his cheek and sighs at its softness. There is a second layer of tissue paper which he carefully unfolds.

"Oh Daddy!" Will exclaims as he carefully places the shirt and the roses down next to the box. He spends a moment just looking at them, they are so delicate they looks like they might fall apart if he touches them. Gingerly he traces his finger along the fabric it is even softer than it looks. Carefully he picks up one of the stockings, it's the palest, purest white, the silk is sheer and has a wonderful sheen to it. The lace at the top is so delicate. Will almost feels like crying at how beautiful and special these are, he doesn't feel worthy of them at all.

Eventually though he cannot resist the lure of them. Slowly and carefully he perches himself on the edge of Hannibal's bed and begins to pull on one of the stockings, moaning at how soft they feel against his skin. Running his hand up the side of his leg to feel the silky smoothness of the delicate fabric he gasps. Excited he now carefully, hands slightly shaking, pulls on the other stocking. Will stands up, takes the shirt he has been given and makes his way to the mirror in Hannibal's dressing room. Looking at his reflection he gasps again, his legs look *soft*. He smiles as he checks himself out in the mirror, his hair is disheveled and his skin looks pink with the flush of his heat and anticipation. He smiles as he puts the shirt on and does up the buttons, its too big for him and hangs past the lace on the stockings. Checking himself out in the mirror he turns and looks at himself from behind as he turns up the sleeves on the shirt. Will cords his hands through his hair to try and tame it before taking one final look at himself, pleased with what he sees he makes his way downstairs to find Hannibal.

Hannibal is sipping red wine while reading eagerly awaiting Will. He is dressed casually in loose trousers and a red sweater, fresh from a shower where he touched himself thinking about Will. He had washed Will and put fresh sheets on the bed for him, he had barely awoken from his slumber while Hannibal had done this. It had given Hannibal ample opportunity to study every inch of his beautiful whore's body, every inch of pale skin. He had been so turned on afterwards he had no choice but to relieve himself.

He is waiting in his study with food and wine trying to distract himself with a book but he can't concentrate. The lighting in here is low and mostly lamps its very intimate and he cannot wait to see what Will looks like in those white stockings and his dress shirt. So engrossed he has become in his revelry that he doesn't see or hear Will enter the room until he sees fingers grasp the top of his book and take it away from him. Hannibal smiles and looks up at Will he breathes out a sigh of adoration. He looks like a nymph, a perfect beautiful sculpture, it takes his breath away. Hannibal notices he is holding the two roses in his other hand and smiles. Then Will does that shy looking away and biting his lip thing which drives Hannibal wild and it takes all his self control not to grab Will and take him right there and then.

Will meets Hannibal's eyes and all his breath leaves his body, the look of lustful admiration is so clear it makes Will gasp. "You look beautiful." Hannibal manages, "turn around let Daddy look at you properly."

Slowly Will takes a step back and turns around in a circle feeling Hannibal's gaze on him he feels shaky his breath is hitching and he can feel his cock getting harder and slick form once more. Suddenly Will flinches and clenches, Hannibal notices and gently reaches out to Will taking his hand in his "my darling what is it?" Will bites his lip suddenly embarrassed. "Daddy wants you to feel good, you have to tell him if you are uncomfortable. Don't you want to please your Daddy?"

"Yes, of course." Will's voice is small and quiet and it is making Hannibal hard.

"Talk to Daddy." Hannibal purrs as he cups Will's face with his other hand.

"I am still in heat and the way Daddy is looking at me is making me feel…"

"My sweet whore, you can say it."

"I don't want to ruin these stockings, they are so beautiful Daddy, they make me feel so good."

Hannibal smiles "such a good whore for me. You know that Daddy will get you all the stockings and soft things for you, you never need to worry."

"I know but I want to keep these, they are special now." Will wants to keep them to remember his first heat with Hannibal. "Could you use the...you know…"

Hannibal laughs gently "so shy for such a tease. You want me to use the plug on you again?"

Will blushes and it looks even more wonderful against the pale white shirt, he nods and looks up at Hannibal through his eyelashes and breathes out "please."

"How can I refuse you?" Will smiles and Hannibal wants to devour him. "I need go and get it. I want you to wait here for me, I want you on all fours waiting for me." Hannibal takes the roses from Will lingering on his hand for a moment. He watches as Will blushes again, then nods and lowers himself to his knees in front of Hannibal and tips forward so he is on all fours, purposely pushing his ass up so the shirt dips and reveals the promise of a curve.

Hannibal stands and looks down at his whore he smiles and manages to resist touching him. “Stunning, you are such an obedient slut for your Daddy.” Hannibal runs the petals of the roses over the curve of Will’s bare ass who shivers and moans at the touch.

“Thank you Daddy.” Will breathes out, the ghost of the velvet petals make him moan.

Hannibal places the roses on the couch and then leaves Will on all fours his breathing becoming more rapid as he becomes more turned on. He tries to concentrate he doesn’t want to get too turned on, he doesn't want to ruin these stockings, they are the most exquisite thing anyone has ever given him. They make him feel so good and he doesn’t ever want to take them off. After what seems like an eternity Hannibal finally returns and sits down at his desk chair.

“Crawl towards me whore, I want to you to come and get your plug.”

Will moans and worries that he really is not going to be able to control himself, he takes a deep breath and then makes a decision as he spies the roses on the couch. He smiles and reaches up, takes one and places it between his teeth before he crawls towards Hannibal slowly and carefully, not wanting to tear the fine stockings. He is still sticking his ass up as high as he can while making his way behind the desk to Hannibal who is sat lustfully staring at him.

Watching Will crawl towards him with a red rose in his mouth is possibly the most erotic sight Hannibal has ever seen, he cannot tear his eyes away from him. His movement is impossibly graceful and it makes Hannibal want to drag him over the desk and fuck him until he is incoherent. Even though it’s being severely tested he still has patience so manages to restrain himself as Will gets closer. Finally Will reaches him and rests his chin on Hannibal’s knee and looks up at him through those lashes.

“Such an eager whore for Daddy.” Hannibal purrs and Will moans and nods. Gently Hannibal removes the rose from Will’s mouth “turn around so Daddy can plug up that needy wet hole for you.”

Will whimpers and complies. Soon Hannibal is confronted with the perfect curve of Will’s ass he strokes the rose down it and smiles as Will whines. Placing the rose on the desk he picks up the plug, sucking it into his mouth first, he then places it against Will’s beautifully twitching hole and pushes it achingly slowly inside Will who breathes out the most stunning moan Hannibal has ever heard. “Such a good whore for me, you take this so well.”

“Yes, oh god, yes Daddy, feels so good.”

“You like crawling on the floor for Daddy and letting him play with you?”

“Yes, please Daddy, play with me, please.”

Hannibal smiles as he twists the plug a little as it hits that sweet spot causing Will to arch his neck up and groan. Gently Hannibal pushes the shirt up so he can stroke Will’s perfect ass, the skin so soft, the flesh so yielding, he can feel the warmth of Will’s heat rising up again. Once Hannibal is happy the plug is safely inside he runs his hand to Will’s balls and cups

them applying gentle pressure he squeezes while he continues to stroke that perfect curve of his ass.

Will keens now and pushes back against Hannibal “relax my whore, Daddy is going to play with you and make you feel good.”

“Yes, god yes please.”

“Tell Daddy how much you like this? How much of a slut for him you are.”

“Ugh, yes, oh god please Daddy, I am your whore, all yours, please, I am slut for you, god yes.”

“You are such a pretty whore. If people could see how beautifully you take this from me I think they would be very jealous of Daddy.” Will moans at the thought of others seeing him like this, on all fours in front of his Alpha begging for him to play. “You like that idea, if I let people watch, they would want to touch you, they would want to play with you,” another squeeze and gentle stroke of his cock, “so responsive so beautiful. Such a sweet slut, such a needy whore for me.”

“Yes, Daddy, Alpha, yes, yes.”

“Hmm such a wonderful whore for Daddy’s hands, show me how much you love this, come for me like the slut I know you are, come for Daddy.”

Will arches his neck and screams loudly as he comes hard for Hannibal, feeling that hot liquid spill all over Hannibal’s hand. “Dadddyy, yes oh god yes.” Hannibal smiles as he sees Will’s orgasm wrack through his body, shaking and shivering.

Hannibal removes his hand “stand up.”

Will shakes and moans as he tries to gather himself he gingerly stands and turns to face Hannibal who is licking Will’s cum from his fingers “mmmm Daddy do I taste good?”

“You know you do. Take the shirt off slowly so Daddy can watch. He wants to fuck you in just those stockings you love so much.” Will moans and begins to slowly unbutton his shirt, his hands are shaking as Hannibal watches him intently. “I remember the first time you showed off for Daddy like this, such a perfect slut aren’t you?”

“Yes, for you, yes.” Will has reached the final button and runs his hand down his chest which causes Hannibal to moan. “I love it when I can make you moan Daddy.”

“Of course you do my whore.”

Will shrugs off the shirt so it hangs at his elbows and Hannibal smiles as Will drops it to the floor and is now stood in front of Hannibal in just the sheer white stockings. “Do I look pretty Daddy?”

“You look like the prettiest whore I have ever seen. Tell Daddy what you need.”

Will moans again he needs Hannibal, he needs those hands on him, he needs that Alpha cock inside him he wants to be filled, he wants to beg and plead. He takes a step closer to Hannibal so he stood between his legs “I want you to touch me, use me, play with me until I am begging for you, until I can’t think of anything but your knot deep inside me. I want to be ruined by you Daddy.”

Chapter End Notes

Kudos are the way Will crawls towards Hannibal and comments are the white stockings!

More next week! Xxx

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Hannibal moans and closes his eyes taking a deep breath, hearing those words from Will cause him to shiver down to his very core. Realising he is fast becoming too attached to this nymph, as if whatever control he may have thought he had he doesn't. Will has overpowered him and he knows that this Omega is the only one he will ever want, the need for him goes so deep he is sure his bones bare Will's fingerprints. Opening his eyes Hannibal reaches out a hand stroking the soft silk of the stockings feeling the heat of Will's legs underneath, Will shivers and breathes out "please".

Chapter Notes

Thank you for all your support on this fic. A quick disclaimer to say that I do not associate with any other version of this series. As far as I am concerned this and part 1 and the upcoming part 3 are all a stand alone universe. These are all my words no one else's. The original co-creator of Part 1 removed their name under their own volition, the subsequent parts have all been re-written by me.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal moans and closes his eyes taking a deep breath, hearing those words from Will cause him to shiver down to his very core. Realising he is fast becoming too attached to this nymph, as if whatever control he may have thought he had he doesn't. Will has overpowered him and he knows that this Omega is the only one he will ever want, the need for him goes so deep he is sure his bones bare Will's fingerprints. Opening his eyes Hannibal reaches out a hand stroking the soft silk of the stockings feeling the heat of Will's legs underneath, Will shivers and breathes out "please".

Standing up slowly meeting Will's eyes Hannibal deftly picks Will up by his hips and places him on his desk. Will lets out a gasp as he is placed on the firm wood his neck arching back those pink lips parting in a moan. Hannibal kneels in front of the desk and Will gasps in surprise again resting his legs on Hannibal's shoulders as arms go underneath his thighs, firm hands holding onto the silk covered flesh. Hannibal pulls Will forward so he can reach him, turning his head he kisses the top of the lace stockings, a delicate chaste kiss that causes Will to flinch at the softness. Hannibal slowly kisses his way up Will's thighs until he reaches the soft curve of Will's ass where he spends extra time kissing and placing small nips and bites.

Will is making small mewling, whimpering noises as he holds himself up on his elbows his head is thrown back brown curls hanging down, neck arched and exposed, his legs on

Hannibal's shoulders being held in place by warm, firm hands and arms as Hannibal's mouth and tongue worships every intimate part of Will. Hannibal's tongue skirts around the plug, gently licking the outline of it kissing the diamond at the centre ever so softly, the sweetest of pressures. Will is shaking and moaning his mind a blissful blank as the only sounds in the room are that of sucking, kissing and sweet moaning.

Before Will can even acknowledge what he is doing Hannibal takes the plug between his teeth, not wanting to let go of those wonderfully stockinged legs, he slowly pulls it out holding it between his teeth. He does this achingly slowly so Will is desperate and groaning. Once the plug is out he drops it from his mouth and gently leans forward kissing Will's hole which is twitching and leaking. The kisses are so gentle and chaste they are pure torture. Hannibal sucks at the flinching hole drawing a gasp of *Daddy* from Will. Eventually Hannibal adds his tongue pressing inside and Will moans as he finally feels those glorious cheekbones against his body as that tongue licks inside him. Hannibal grips Will tighter and pulls him closer as he starts to taste Will, he wants to get deeper he wants to kiss the walls of Will. He tastes like Hannibal's undoing but he doesn't care.

Will's cock has been getting harder under this worship and it is now flinching and bouncing against his stomach. Hannibal presses his fingertips into the soft flesh of Will's upper thighs as he probes his tongue further in and sucks hard at Will's hole tasting the copious amount of slick which this produces. Will howls and comes hard and fast as he is thrown forward with the impact of his orgasm he grabs onto Hannibal's hair and pulls.

Hannibal smiles and starts to lick up all of Will's come as Will holds onto Hannibal's hair for dear life. Eventually Hannibal stands letting go of Will's legs gently "Daddy please knot me one more time, please." Will's voice is dripping with lust and Hannibal cannot stop himself from capturing Will's lips is a piercing kiss, Will pulls Hannibal's trousers and underwear down so they pool at his feet. Hannibal removes his sweater throwing it the floor so he is completely naked, Will gasps as he sees the expensive cashmere thrown aside for him. Hannibal pushes inside Will as he kisses and bites at his neck, leaving sucking bruising kisses on the flesh. He snaps his hips and fucks into Will until he is a whimpering mess.

Will wraps his arms around Hannibal's neck, his stockinged legs wrap tightly around his strong waists as he encourages each thrust his feet locked behind Hannibal. Hannibal has his arms firmly grasping the soft flesh and skin of Will's back as he licks and bites at his neck and shoulder. The soft white silk of the stockings brush against Hannibal's bareskin as he continues to fuck into his Omega. They are both lost to the moment, minds blank with pleasure as Will pulls and musses Hannibal's hair. To Hannibal, Will smells divine like this, his heat lingering at the edges, his arousal and passion taking over. He wants to bite Will, devour him but he must wait. He nips at the skin instead and imagines tasting that sweet blood flowing beneath the surface. Eventually Hannibal pushes his knot fully inside he collapses with Will grasping onto him arms wrapped around his neck and legs around his waist.

Hannibal holds Will close to him as he loses consciousness whispering soothing words into his neck while stroking his hair. Will whimpers in his delirium as his body continues to milk Hannibal, tightly contracting around him. When they are connected like this, Will a vulnerable shivering mess wrapped around him, Hannibal wants to hold him tighter he wants

to keep him forever. He knows it's not just the hormones, he wants to bond with Will and the thought scares him. It's something he needs to take his time with he has to know Will understands what bonding with him would mean.

Once Hannibal can move he steps out of his trousers and carries Will still connected upstairs to his bed where he manages to lie them down so he can hold Will close to him and whisper to him, soothing him. Eventually Hannibal pulls out of Will the knot deflated but he still holds him in an embrace. When Will comes around eyes fluttering open he meets Hannibal's tender gaze. "You are awake." Hannibal says as he smooths Will's hair and chastely kisses his forehead.

"We are in your bed?"

"Yes my love I carried you up here I thought it would be more comfortable."

Will smiles shyly and Hannibal wants to devour that coy look. "Okay." Will whispers. "I think my heat has gone." His voice is tinged with fear and sadness and it makes Hannibal ache.

"Yes I believe it has." Hannibal kisses him again on the forehead he can no longer smell that slight tang that marked Will's heat. "Do you remember what you said before I fucked you on the desk?"

Will blushes at the use of the word 'fucked' but smiles anyway. He thinks back "Yes, I think so."

"Why did you say that? Why would you think it would be the last time?"

Will looks so innocent and vulnerable right now it makes Hannibal almost moan with need for him. "I thought that after my heat you would want me to leave." In his heart Will had assumed that this was too good to be true that it would not last, that Hannibal would discard him like he did before, especially after seeing him in such a wanton state. Even if he liked a whimpering begging Omega in his bed surely he could do better than Will.

Hannibal smiles and captures Will's lips in a soft but searing kiss "I told you. You are my slut and no one else's. You are mine. Heat or no heat."

"I am? Why? Why me?" Will's voice is impossibly small and delicate.

"Because my boy you do things to me no one else ever has, you are one of a kind. You are impossibly beautiful and the way you respond to me is unparalleled. The question is also Will; would you have me? Now that your heat has gone and you can think more clearly. Would you let me be not just your Daddy but your Alpha?" Tears spring to Will's eyes as he hears those words he doesn't truly believe them. He has always been alone he has never had anyone to take care of him, to want him. "Let me show you what I see."

Hannibal still naked stands and gets out of the bed offering his hand to Will who takes it and allows himself to be taken out of the bed. He is still wearing the stockings and they feel impossibly soft against his skin as he walks. Hannibal leads him through to the dressing room

and stands Will in front of the mirror and he stands just behind him. “I want you to look at yourself. Really look.” Hannibal whispers in his ear and Will looks at his reflection, his hair is tousled and his skin is blushed, his legs look long and pale, his neck, collarbone and hips have small bruises and bites on them he gingerly touches them with his fingers, his eyes then see the nail marks down his chest and he groans.

Hannibal watches this for a moment and then reaches to a small box on the central table and opens it. He takes out a delicate diamond collar with a soft pink satin ribbon. He gently places it around Will’s neck and ties the pink ribbon in a secure bow at the base of his neck. The ribbon is as soft as the stockings. Will’s eyes widen at the sight and feel of it.

“I want you to be mine Will. I want you to wear this and others like it so everyone knows you are mine. I want to bite you, sink my fangs beneath your skin but I won’t unless you ask me to. We can talk about what life you want but I just need you to know that when I look at you I see beauty, pure and violent. I want to taste you I want to spend the rest of our lives finding all the ways I can break you and put you back together again. I want you to be my perfect pet, slut and Omega. I will do anything for you in return.”

Will leans back and rests his head against Hannibal’s shoulder as Hannibal gently scrapes his hand down Will’s chest toward his now soft cock which he gently cups. “Look at you. Such a pretty whore for me. You undo me. The things I want to do to you.”

“I want to be yours. I want you to use me. I want to be your pet.” Will is moaning now as Hannibal rocks his soft cock in his hand. “I want you to take me whenever you want me. I want nothing more than to belong to you.”

“Why? Tell me why?”

Will smiles and turns around to face Hannibal he reaches up and takes his face between his hands “because when you touch me when you call me the things you do, when you hurt me, I feel….” Will pauses needing to find the right word “complete. I feel free and my mind feels quiet. It feels like I’m home.”

Will steps up on his tip toes and presses his lips against Hannibal’s and kisses him moaning into his mouth. Hannibal’s hands slide from Will’s cock around to his ass softly stroking his cheeks. Will breaks the kiss and smiles. Slowly keeping Hannibal’s gaze Will goes to his knees and looks up at him through his eyelashes. “Daddy, Alpha, use me.”

Hannibal groans as his cock is hardening at Will’s tone and the way he is opening his mouth begging for Hannibal to put his cock inside and fuck his prize. “My love, you are impossibly beautiful when you are like this.” Will presses a kiss to Hannibal’s cock and then opens his mouth once more expectant.

Hannibal strokes Wills face and the grabs his hair and pushes his cock into Will’s mouth filling him, he can feel that wonderful contracting of his throat muscles and those glassy tears form. The feeling of those soft lips as they slide against his shaft is heaven. Will looks debauched on his knees, pale skin marked with bruises and bites Hannibal has left him. Hannibal cannot take his eyes from the sight of his whore on his knees willing and loving the abuse Hannibal is showing his mouth. Hannibal pulls and clings at Will’s hair and is less than

gentle as he thrusts inside Will's mouth hearing that gagging sound, feeling the constriction. Will is moaning and spluttering his hand goes to his own cock and strokes the rock hard shaft. "No whore, do not touch yourself. Daddy will deal with you after he has fucked your sweet mouth."

Will moans and removes his hand instead he grasps at Hannibal's thighs fingers digging into the firm and warm flesh. "I should tie you up next time, your hands behind your back and fill your mouth with my cock." Hannibal's voice has become deep his accent stronger as the arousal of using his whore this way becomes almost too much. Will splutters again and puts his hands behind his back clasping his hands together. "Oh you are a good whore for Daddy." Hannibal exclaims as he sees this gesture willingness from Will. Pulling Will's hair harder Hannibal moans thrusting inside that hot perfect cavern. "Such… a….good….whore." Hannibal says between staccato thrusts of his hips he is going to come soon and Will knows it. He looks down at his pliant slut whose entire body other than his cock has gone limp for Hannibal giving over to him completely. The thought of arranging Will in anyway he wants, of Will letting him use him, touch him, hurt him and then pleasure him makes Hannibal groan out Will's name.

"Daddy is going to come down his whore's throat. You will swallow every drop I give you." Hannibal orders and Will moans his cock twitches in approval at the idea. Hannibal cannot control himself as he begins to fuck into Will's mouth. Knowing that the collar is constricting him even more. With one more tug of Will's hair and a final harsh thrust Hannibal comes hard and with a long drawn out moan. Will does as asked and swallows every drop.

Hannibal holds him there for a few more moments cock filling Will's mouth before he eventually releases him. Will is left gasping and smiling, hands still firmly clasped behind his back, lips swollen and abused, the sheen of sweat on his skin glistens. Hannibal gently caresses his face. "Perfect." He says and Will smiles still trying to catch his breath Hannibal watches that chest and those pink nipples rise and up down, the collar still constricting his throat. Hannibal stares at his prize while Will gathers himself.

Will looks up at Hannibal standing above him breathing heavy from his orgasm, he licks his lips and says "bite me Daddy, please."

Chapter End Notes

One more chapter in this part!

Don't worry Part 3 is in the works.

Kudos are the way Will smiles before he drops to his knees. Comments are the way Hannibal moans out Will's name at the sight of him in those stockings!

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Hannibal looks down at his whore with his swollen lips, chest moving up and down as he tries to catch his breath, a sheen of sweat from the exertion on his skin, that diamond collar still sitting perfectly on his slender neck and moans. Those words having left his mouth. Hannibal can still hear them ringing in his head he closes his eyes and breathes out a long sigh as he tries to control himself.

He opens his eyes and meets Will's clear blue eager gaze "I want that, I do, but I need you to know what it means what it will be like being with me."

Will smiles "I know and I want it. I want to be yours."

Chapter Notes

*****PLEASE NOTE UPDATED TAGS******

Thank you for all your support on this fic. A quick disclaimer to say that I do not associate with any other version of this series. As far as I am concerned this and part 1 and the upcoming part 3 are all a stand alone universe. These are all my words no one else's. The original co-creator of Part 1 removed their name under their own volition, the subsequent parts have all been re-written by me.

This is it the final chapter of part 2! Part 3 is in the works. I am away for the next few weeks so that's why i'm posting early. Thank you so much for staying with me. Look out for Part 3.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal looks down at his whore with his swollen lips, chest moving up and down as he tries to catch his breath, a sheen of sweat from the exertion on his skin, that diamond collar still sitting perfectly on his slender neck and moans. Those words having left his mouth. Hannibal can still hear them ringing in his head he closes his eyes and breathes out a long sigh as he tries to control himself.

He opens his eyes and meets Will's clear blue eager gaze "I want that, I do, but I need you to know what it means what it will be like being with me."

Will smiles "I know and I want it. I want to be yours."

"I will own you Will." Hannibal's voice is steady and deep. Will is flushed with excitement at hearing those words, his fingers absently touch the diamonds on the collar he shivers a little but not from cold. "Every part of you will be mine, I will cause you great pleasure and exquisite pain." Hannibal brushes Will's soft curls with his fingertips.

"You do already," Will breathes out knowing its true."I am yours."

"I will shower you with everything you will ever need, you will never be wanting, you will be my kept plaything." Hannibal means it as he looks at his ruined whore, bruises and red marks on his body. Will looks divine and Hannibal wants to cause more marks on that beautifully pale skin, he wants to spend the rest of his life finding new ways to cause them.

Will can feel Hannibal's gaze on him and it makes him quake with pleasure. "Any gifts you give me pales in comparison to you and your body, your hands, your touch, your cock they are all I need."

Hannibal smiles a knowing grin "but you like the other things?" He says knowing his whore, he knows that Will likes to feel good, to look good for him and it pleases him.

Will blushes and looks away biting his lip in an imitation of coyness that goes straight to Hannibal's cock, the knot beginning to fill once more, he nods "yes, yes I do they make me feel good but not as good as you. I want to be your pet, your slut, your whore and your Omega. I understand what it means, what you will do, what we will do and it excites me." Will imagines it and it makes him feel like he is on a precipice about to fall, it's beyond anything he has ever felt he wants to feel like this for the rest of his life. Hannibal has seen him and he wants him.

"Tell me how it excites you," Hannibal whispers, "I want to hear it from your own lips. Stand up and look at yourself in the mirror again, so you can see."

Will gets up gracefully despite the shakiness in his legs he turns around and faces the mirror with Hannibal behind him. He takes a moment to really see in his reflection, his legs trembling as he sees himself with Hannibal's intense gaze from behind. Their bodies almost touching.

"It makes me feel wanted. It makes me feel whole. My body aches for you, it needs you, I would spend the rest of my days kneeling in front of you, crawling after you on my hands and knees just to be close to you." Will means every word, he belongs to Hannibal even if he never bites him, if he leaves him again he will die aching and wanting for his Daddy.

Hannibal smiles as he hears those wonderful words tumble from Will's lips, images of him on his knees, on his hands and feet crawling around for him, of how beautiful he looks when he is in pain.

"I am going to show you off, show people how prettily you beg for me. So the whole world knows what a beautiful slut you are for me." Hannibal imagines it, he can see Will dressed up and stunningly beautiful, only in the finest clothes, diamonds and silk. He imagines him in suits with lingerie underneath, he imagines unwrapping Will every night, every day, of once more tearing silk and satin with his teeth from Will as he trembles and moans in pleasure. Hannibal thinks about taking him out, of holding his dinner parties with Will as the main attraction. How everyone will look upon his whore with envy, they will want to touch him and use him. Hannibal aches when he thinks about it.

"Yes, god yes Daddy." Will is so turned on by the idea of being shown off by Hannibal, he wants to make him proud, he would do anything for him. He thinks back to the feeling of showing off for him at the carwash, of dancing for him, of stripping for him and he moans. He wants to see that look of need and passion again and again.

Hannibal looks at his sweet, begging Omega and smiles. He can see Will is beginning to see himself for how beautiful he truly is, he is beginning to realise the power he wields. This pleases Hannibal immensely. "What do you see?" Hannibal whispers darkly into Will's shoulder placing a delicate kiss to the warm skin.

"I see your whore." Will replies his eyes are fixed at his reflection he barely recognises himself, soft white silk legs, his skin is glowing, the diamonds from the collar glinting in the

low light of the dressing room.

Hannibal smiles “yes, yes you are. So perfect for me. Tell me how this makes you feel?” Hannibal asks as he places his hand across the diamond collar, wrapping his fingers around the column of his throat squeezing slightly.

Will can feel the pressure of Hannibal’s hand as it gently squeezes his neck as it naturally arches back a stifled moan leaves his lips. “Wanted” his voice is constricted and it makes Hannibal smile as he brings his other hand slowly down Will’s chest dragging his nails against the pale skin. He cups Will’s cock and squeezes it at the same time as he squeezes his throat. “I am going to fuck you now Will, while you watch in the mirror so you can see how much of a whore you are for me. I am going take care of you just like I promised.”

Will can’t speak he closes his eyes and moans as he feels Hannibal’s still hard cock against his ass. “Good slut” Hannibal whispers in Will’s ear as he removes the hand from Will’s cock using it to guide his own cock into Will’s hole watching as Will’s eyes open and his pupils dilate. Hannibal still squeezes Will’s throat slightly, the diamonds pressing into the skin, his other hand grips Will’s hip to keep him in place as Hannibal begins to slowly thrust into him. Will is trembling as he feels every inch of Hannibal slide inside him, he looks at his reflection and moans. His skin is pale and glistening, his legs are shaking, Hannibal’s hand wrapped around his slender throat looks strong and large, Hannibal looms behind him he can feel every inch of naked skin against his own, fingers digging into his hip.

Every thrust is devastating and delicious Will feels beautiful and debauched as he watches Hannibal ruin him slowly. He notices his lips, swollen and parted in short constricted breaths, his eyes wide, his cheeks flushed. Eyes scan down his chest to his own cock flinching untouched, arms slender and shaking hang by his side as he is used by Hannibal. He feels like a doll, a vessel for Hannibal’s worship.

“What do you want Will?” Hannibal’s voice is dripping in lust as he loosens his grip on Will’s neck, the question is whispered directly into Will’s ear. “Tell Daddy what you want.”

Will shivers as Hannibal continues his slow thrusts, he brings his hand up to cover Hannibal’s hand around his neck. “Daddy knows what I want. Bite me. Bond with me. Make me yours.”

Hannibal smiles and kisses Will's shoulder, a slight brush of lips against warming skin. Will drops his hand again to his side as Hannibal thrusts inside him achingly slowly. The hand around his neck slides around to the nape of his hair, eyes never leave the reflection, fingers slip beneath the ribbon and pull the collar tighter so Will makes a choking noise as Hannibal thrusts harshly into him watching as he struggles to breathe. Hannibal knows just the amount of pressure to use for just the right amount of time so as to not permanently hurt Will just heighten the pleasure. He continues the pulling and releasing of the collar as he harshly and with more speed now fucks Will. When he can catch his breath Will moans in ecstasy as Hannibal arches his neck back and moans out his sweet whores name.

"You are so beautiful when you suffer for me." Hannibal can scarcely take in the sight of Will struggling to breathe while his cock leaks and gets harder. Will feels like he is floating in a cloud outside of himself unable to contain the intense pleasure he feels as Hannibal chokes him, releasing him then cutting off his airway once again. It feels both terrifying and elating. Will knows in this moment if he didnt know it before that only Hannibal could ever make him feel like this. No other hand, no other body, no other mind could make Will feel so possessed, so wanton, so aroused and haunted with need. He would die like this, he would let Hannibal do anything to him the thought is at once both insane but utterly freeing.

Eventually the ribbon is pulled and the diamonds slip down Will's chest and land on the floor. Will gasps as he catches his breath, a red line already appearing where the collar was. Hannibal runs his fingers along the red mark with satisfaction before his strong hand gently brushes Will's curls away while he gently pulls Will's neck to the side. He nuzzles at the skin scenting Will, breathing him in deeply.

"Are you ready my whore? Are you ready to be mine, to be my pet, my slut, my Omega?" Hannibal says this hotly into Will's neck as he moans.

"Yes, please Daddy, please make me yours." Will's voice is sore and hoarse but he doesn't feel the pain only pleasure and lingering heat.

"Hmmm look at you taking me, begging for me, you are perfect." Hannibal is looking at Will's reflection through up turned eyes as he scents along the curve of his shoulder, thrusting inside him slowly once more but still with force.

Will is whimpering he can feel himself about to come any moment and he knows when he does he will surely lose consciousness, he is so close to falling. "Please, please Daddy, make

me yours, please I am your pet."

Hannibal pushes fully inside Will then, a gasp of pain, a look of panic as Hannibal's knot is fully taken inside, then relief and pure pleasure as Will's body opens up and holds the knot, they are connected now and Will wants to die from the ecstasy. He watches as Hannibal gently scrapes his teeth along the pale yielding skin of Will's neck. "Pleeassee." Will begs he is not sure how much longer he can take this teasing.

Just as he feels he might just combust from the passion and pleasure he feels in this glorious moment, as if he can feel no more ecstasy Hannibal bites him. The skin breaks and Will shouts out, coming untouched as he watches a trickle of blood make its way down his shoulder, thick and dark. Hannibal continues to bite deeper into Will, fangs pushing through the muscle and Will feels like he is falling, consciousness is slipping from him as Hannibal starts to suck at the bite. Will moans and leans his head back as Hannibal holds him up arms around his waist.

Will's eyes roll back in his head as he finally succumbs to the pull of unconsciousness the last words he hears whispered into his neck "you are mine now, whore."

This time when Will wakes Hannibal is still asleep which means he gets to watch him, his face is relaxed but so beautiful, he looks like a sculpture. Will smiles as he feels the bruise on his neck, the bonding mark that will always be there to show everyone that he belongs to Hannibal now. He feels proud for the first time in his life he feels as if he is someone; desirable and important. Hannibal slowly opens his eyes and smiles when he sees his perfect Omega watching him.

"Good morning." Hannibal says as his eyes find the bruise on Will's neck and he smiles reaching out fingers he brushes them against the bruise, heat still lingering, he brings Will closer to him so he can nuzzle up against Hannibal's chest hair. "You are still wearing those stockings." Hannibal says as Will slides his leg between Hannibal's. "We shall have to get you cleaned up today, find you some clothes."

Will laughs "I am happy to wear these or anything else you choose for me, I would crawl around naked all day if that's what you wanted."

Hannibal laughs “tempting and I think there will be days when I would like that but you will need clothes to wear when you leave me.”

“I never want to leave you.” Will says as he looks up into deep adoring eyes.

“I don’t want you to either but you have a life little one. You will leave but you will always come back to me. You will wear a collar and that bite so that everyone knows you belong to me.”

Will smiles as a warm feeling spreads in his stomach as all the fear and doubt he once felt melts away, Hannibal wants him, he is Hannibal’s and Hannibal is his.

“Not today though, not now I want to stay here with you.” Will nuzzles into Hannibal’s chest as a strong and gentle hand strokes down his back.

“Yes, my love, yes you will stay here with me.” Hannibal smiles and kisses the top of Will’s head. Will’s stomach growls and Hannibal’s laughs “I think food first yes little one? You must be starving. Why don’t you have a shower and I will make us breakfast.”

“Hmmm, can Daddy help me in the shower?”

“You are a vixen, my whore, no you shower then we shall eat and then we need to talk about our new life together my love. I have plans for you, for us. I will leave you something to change into.”

Will smiles as he is sure that whatever it is it will be spectacular.

Chapter End Notes

kudos is the way the diamond collar catches Will's skin as it falls down his chest, comments are the way Hannibal's fangs break Will's skin with relish.

Thank you again for your continued support. See you for part 3.

End Notes

Kudos is the smile Will gives when he finds the panties under Hannibal's pillow, comments is the smile Hannibal gives when he finds Will rutting into a stolen shirt.

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